

Intervention of a Higher Power by Luddleston

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Summary:

Cecil has been far too nervous about his lunch meeting with Carlos, and Station Management is fed up with his (very loud) crushing. So they decide to do something about it.

Intervention of a Higher Power

Author's Note:

Based on [this post](#) by [bumble shark](#).

It was supposed to just be lunch.

Not even a lunch date, because they weren't using the word "date" yet (except in Cecil's head, of course), just a simple lunch between scientist and radio host.

Cecil supposed he had been panicking a bit about how he was supposed to be able to even *speak* to Carlos when his hair was so beautiful and his smile was so perfect and his laugh was literally the sweetest sound Cecil had ever heard, and that was including Khoshekh's purring.

And of course, Station Management might have gotten a little bit upset over Cecil's lovesick wailing, because to his credit, the wailing was reaching new decibels today. He hadn't been silly enough to do all of this on air, only about half, and he could already hear rumbling from down the hall. "Can't a man have an enormous crush in peace?" Cecil sighed after signing off for his lunch break. Just as he was about to begin on another winding rant about Carlos's perfectly-shaped eyes, there was a knock on the door.

"Oh! I'll be right there!" Cecil yelped, leaping up and forgetting that he was still wearing his headphones until they pulled him to the floor. He wrestled them off and swung the door open, trying to look like he hadn't just fallen over. He was pretty sure the thumping sounds betrayed him, though. "Hey Carlos," he said breathlessly, checking twice, maybe three times, to make sure he wasn't drooling. Sometimes he almost wished Carlos wasn't a scientist, because him wearing lab coats around all the time was so stunning, Cecil was lost for words for a moment.

"Hey," Carlos replied with a soft grin that revealed his perfect teeth.

“So, um, the break room is down the hall, and what exactly did you want to talk about? Something about... uh... salamanders?” It could very well have been anything other than salamanders, because Cecil had been busy drowning in the honey that was Carlos’s voice when Carlos told him what he was coming over to discuss.

“Yeah, the salamanders, they...” Carlos began, but he stopped short when an invisible force shoved him bodily in Cecil’s direction.

“That’s a bit forward of you,” Cecil pointed out. “Wait! Ugh! I shouldn’t have said that, I just—” He was cut off when something pushed him towards Carlos, so that they were almost touching. “What was that?”

“I don’t know, I think it happened to me too,” Carlos said, adjusting his glasses on his nose just before something pressed down on them from above, and they were forced into an awkward seated position. “What the heck!?”

Cecil tried to move, but there were invisible walls on all sides, and he was stuck in what was definitely going on his lists of most awkward positions he’d ever been in. One of his feet was pressed against the ceiling of the invisible cube, which was becoming less invisible by the second. The radio station hallways were fading out around them as the box they were trapped in started turning white. Carlos’s legs were gracelessly sprawled out between Cecil’s, and he was pressing on the ceiling as if to escape.

“So... Um. I do hope you’re not claustrophobic,” Cecil said, laughing nervously. He could feel flowers blooming behind his ears to match the blush blooming across his cheeks.

“I’m not,” Carlos reassured him, still pressing on the ceiling and walls anyway. He finally stopped in his task, his hands dropping into his lap. “Do you know what’s going on?”

Did he ever. The management had been sending him letters warning him that they would subject him to as much if he didn’t keep his amorousness to a low roar. Apparently the butterflies in his stomach had been flapping too

loudly for their standards. He chuckled again. “Uh... it might be Station Management,” he said.

“Okay...” Carlos said, glancing at Cecil’s leg that was still sticking straight up. “I like your shoes,” he said quietly, nudging at Cecil’s ankle so that he could fit into a more comfortable position.

“I like yours,” Cecil said, even though Carlos had been wearing those red Converse just about every time Cecil had seen him (save for the one when he’d been in his socks because there was a 5-hour city-wide ban on shoes until City Council realized that there was really no reason to ban shoes).

Cecil’s heart was still beating out of control and he kept tapping his fingers against his knee, internally panicking at the fact that not only was Carlos very much in his personal space bubble, he was touching him at all times and quite literally breathing the same air. He was on the verge of either being unable to say a word or babbling incoherently.

“So, um, salamanders,” Carlos said.

“Right. Salamanders.”

“Well, I came to talk to you because there have been a ton of them in town recently, which is weird, because they’re not common in deserts,” Carlos began. He went on to tell Cecil all about how the salamanders were congregating around certain houses and businesses in town and forming large rings, pacing in circles around their chosen establishments, and Cecil finally started to relax. He stopped tapping his fingers, and barely reacted when Carlos rested one of his arms on his knee, continuing to talk about the constantly-shifting colors of these salamanders. Eventually, Cecil was laughing brightly when Carlos accidentally-on-purpose made a pun about science, and his mind caught up to pace, freely offering his suggestions on probable causes (angels, but they weren’t real, mind you).

“Sorry lunch turned out so... odd,” Cecil apologized. Not to mention foodless.

Carlos shook his head and smiled at him. "It's not bad," he said, rubbing Cecil's shin encouragingly. "Actually, I think this is the first normal conversation we've had."

"You're right," Cecil noticed, his eyes widening. "Wow, it really is."

"I like it," Carlos said, and Cecil grinned brightly, more flowers sprouting at his temples.

"Me too."

Suddenly, the box vanished and both of them fell immediately backwards. Cecil was startled by the bright fluorescents staring down at him, and the worn carpet underneath him instead of stark white smoothness. Carlos stood up, stretching his muscles from where they'd been stuck in place for far too long, and he extended a hand to pull Cecil to his feet.

"Hey, so lunch break is pretty much over," Cecil admitted mournfully.

"Really?" Carlos asked, and he seemed almost sad about leaving, which made Cecil want to jump around the hallway in glee.

"Yeah," he said, reaching up to fix his hair, "uh, I guess we'll have to reschedule."

"Is tomorrow okay?"

"Tomorrow's cancelled," Cecil pointed out, "Thursday?"

"Sounds great," Carlos said, and Cecil didn't even have to worry if he meant it this time.